

yearly earnings of the father, the

T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

IN KANSAS

"Twas a beautiful day. The sun was shining clearly—there can be no mistake about it.

I might even say that the sun was shining brightly and hotly, and fiercely, considerably. But it would be circumstantial evidence insofar as the sun was on the other side of the building. . . But, anyway, it was a beautiful day.—And we felt the sun was shining. Indeed!

(About 1000 degrees in the shade))

All Spearville had ceased violent exertions and, was "sitting around" on two bread "baskets" on a shady curb when all of a sudden a cow dropped from the sky right in front of the leading citizens.—I rubbed my eyes.

"Now isn't that enough to cause a man to swear off?" I started in to say, but when I turned to my audience I found I was alone. The last one of the population was just disappearing head first into a basement.

What followed was a cyclone and not worth describing, but I will say it was something like an A. F. of L. meeting, only the wind was stronger and therefore, more destructive.

Politicians are busily engaged and engagingly busy painting a beautiful rainbow in the sky (seen 'em myself) informing the farmers that they are not to be drowned (bankrupted) any more. "'Tain't goin' to rain no more" so's to say.—Fall for it? I surmise.—Can't bankrupt a bankrupt.

In the meantime the skies are overcast and it is raining, and, every time it rains the "harvest hand" goes bankrupt. His lot is a series of bankruptcy.

Hi-jacks are suffering for the actual necessities of life.

Rank and file are tearing up the aces, spades and flushes, and throwing the dice into the weeds.

Tin-horns are correspondingly despondent, depressed and deflated. Send money at once. No address. You can't miss.

Butcher says he's thinking of opening up a 5 and 10 cent store to accommodate the "new" trade. If this keeps on our jokes will be ghastly, to ghastly for the parasites to stomach.

How about a few rainbows for the harvester? RAINBOWS!

By organizing in the fields we can get at least one dollar more per day as proven by certain sections of Kansas. Five dollars a day was not an unfamiliar figure—as at Plains, Dodge City and Larned. But, down below, where organized demands came not to the surface the wages were so low that I will not desecrate the pages of our paper by mentioning it. As I said before, five dollars was a familiar figure, and I will further say seven and eight dollars will describe the "headed" threshing before this season's sun or man cools off.

After all, with the said additional dollars safely ensconced in our pocket, it makes no difference whether Bob Shawkey, Soup Dooley or Prince of Wales is elected. It all depends on us. If we, the people, the membership, will agitate for betterments, tell 'em what's what, we can win the lasting support of any and all—if we will.

Mind you: We don't have to do that—the I. W. W. can stand six set-backs in succession and still rise to the top—but if we will do that, so much the better for "all concerned." It is an ideal—that's why it has tensile strength. Without an ideal man will fight hard—but with an ideal he will fight harder and longer. Let us waste no opportunities. Let our motto be: They shall not pass. Bid your hand.